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Poetry.

[For the Chronicle.]

THE DEAD CHILD.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

pale flowers, just gathered from garden and wild,
Lay breathing their sweetness upon the fair child,
As cold she lay sleeping, more beautiful now,
Than when life was coursing through heart, lip and brow.

Still perfect as ever, the statue lay there,
With its matchless features, its bright sunny hair;
The spirit was absent: it upward had gone,
To dwell with angels that throng round the throne.

For death, the stern reaper, had garnered it in,
All untouched by sorrow, untainted by sin,
Ere passion had marred, ere guilt had defaced,
Or on its pure tablets one deep line had traced.

Oh! bless'd be the promise that points up to God,
And seals no; the spirit beneath the dark clod.
"Suffer little children to come unto me;"
Thou hast said it, oh Lord; the praise be to Thee.

Howland, June 30, '55. A LADY.

[From the Ohio State Journal.]

THE GENTLE SHOWER.

BY W. F. PORTER.

A darksome shadow rests upon the earth
Dropped from the clouds,
Above the scenes that gave them birth,
Hanging like shrouds;
While from their murky folds the glitt'ring rain
Falls slanting down,
Veiling the distant hills, the spreading plain,
And smoky town.

The farmer's herds securely sheltered, stand
Within the door
Of yon rude rustic barn, a patient band
Upon the floor;
While from the gabled roof, a busy throng,
The swallows fly,
Filling the air with their twittering song
So gleefully.

Within the fields are gathering infant streams,
And coursing on
To lakelets, which reflect the golden beams
Of setting sun,
That through yon crimson cloudlets glide
And scenes survey—
Those fair bright scenes which cloudy foes have hid
Throughout the day.

The vivid emerald of the arching trees
Far brighter seems—
And, as the boughs sway in the gentle breeze,
The sunny beams
From many a silver'd leaflet break,
Like ripples bright
Upon the bosom of the trembling lake
'Neath Luna's light.

I love to listen in the sombre night
To the muffled roar
Of the surging rain in its arrow flight
Along the air;
Or hear it patter on the slanting roofs,
Until my brain
Rings with the echo, like the trampling hoofs,
Of an Elfin train.

Warren, O., June, 1855.

Choice Miscellany.

ELOPEMENT WITH INDIAN GIRLS.

[From the Voyage and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Kt., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.]

Amyas Leigh and his ship's crew have have been sojourning for some time among the Indians. On returning from a hunting party he finds two of his men missing. The are supposed to have taken to the forest, each with an Indian girl:—Amyas was very wroth at the news. First, because it had never happened before; he could say with honest pride, as Raleigh did afterward when he returned from his Guiana voyage, that no Indian women had ever been the worse for any man of his. He had preached on this point month after month, and he practised what he preached; and now his pride was sorely hurt. Moreover he dreaded offense to the Indians themselves, but on this score the Cacique soon comforted him, telling him that the girls, so far as he could find, had gone off of their own free will; intimating that he thought it somewhat an honor to the tribe that they had found favor in the eyes of the bearded men; and moreover, that late wars had so thinned the ranks of their men, that they were glad enough to find husbands for their maidens, and had been driven of late years to kill many of their female infants. This sad story, common perhaps, to every American tribe, and one of the chief causes of their extermination, reassured Amyas somewhat; but he could not stomach either the loss of his men, or their breach of descipline; and look for them he would. Did any one know where they were? If the tribe knew, they did not care to tell; but Ayacanora, the moment she found out his wishes, vanished in the forest, and returned in two days, saying that she had found the fugitives; but she would not show them where they were, unless he promise not to kill them. He of course, had no mind for so rigorous a method; he both needed the men, and he had no malice against them; for the one, Ebsworthy, was a plain, honest, happy-go-lucky sailor, and as good a hand as there was in the crew; and the other was that same ne'er do well, Will Parracombe, his old school-fellow, who had been tempted by the gipsy Jesuit at Appledore, and resisting that bait had made a very fair seamen. So forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upwards along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, "There they are;" and Amyas, pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute. On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and sank foaming into a clear basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall it was half hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems; but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down towards the stream, and there on palm-leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake them from their delicious dream. For what a nest he had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful songs of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need, and what which palate could need either? For on a rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit. There, on the stream bank, lay two renegades from civilized life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotto and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat with his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded lanquidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of narcotic cocoa-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the waterfall.

"While beauty, born of murmuring sounds,
Did pass into his face."

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for their lords they delighted to honor. One sat plating palm-fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shades in which it bathed the whole delicious scene. Amyas stood silent for a while, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will; partly because, and he would not but confess that a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he thought it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old; such our first parents' bridal bower! Ah! if men had not fallen, he, too, might have dwelt forever in such a home—with whom? He started, and shaking off the spell, advanced sword in hand.—The women saw him, and sprang to their feet, caught up their long pocumas, and leapt like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eyeing him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror but with rage. Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence; for one rash step was death.—But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered, and Aymas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would not harm any one. "Ebsworthy, Parracombe! are you grown such savages already, that you have forgotten your captain?—Stand up, men, and salute." Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation. Aymas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm. "Well noble captain, so you've hunted out us poor fellows, and want to drag us back in a halter, I suppose?" "I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens; for men, I find swine.—I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough. Parrcombe!" "He's too happy to answer you, Sir. and why not? What do you want of us? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now." "Free to become like the beasts that perish? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you—" "Free to be happy," interrupted the man. "With the best of wives, and the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them when we don't need them? As for gold, what is the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands? Harken, Captain Leigh. You have been a good captain to me, and I'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honor and glory, and copy us. Take that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before." "You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?" "Who calls William Parracombe?" answered a sleepy voice. "I fool! your captain." "I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labor and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow." * *—A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bear shoot from crags above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group fell assunder; and in the midst upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And, sword, in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward; before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still. It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang though the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his bride he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched about its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it like a mastiff dog. The brute wrenched his head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by his wife's. But high in the air gleamed Amya's blade; down, with all weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

"And all stood still, who saw him fall,
While men might count a score."

"Oh! Lord Jesus," said Amyas to himself, "thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou put me!" They bore away the little corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mold, and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle, untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy sobered by the shock, entreated to come too; but Amyas forbade him gently, "No, lad you are forgiven.—God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you; and then, if it shall be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong; in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare.—Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men." And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud; but he came back again like a child. Three days after, Parracombe was dead. Once in camp, he seemed unable to eat or move; and, having received absolution and communion from good Sir John, faded away without disease or pain, "babbling of green fields," and murmuring the name of his lost Indian bride.

HOME.—Let no man ever think of a happiness distinct from that of home.—The gayest must have their sick and solitary hours. The busiest must often relax their labor, and there must be some retreat for them, where they may seek refreshment from their cares, and collect the spirits that disappointments so often depress. They who live most for the public still live for the public but a small part, and they are apt to find the public service a burthen, which gentler incitement than that of strong ambition must furnish the strength to support.

AVARICE, the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, brings with it its own punishment in the drying up of every tie, with which the charities of life are bound and in the conversion of the heart into a substance "harder than the nether mill-stone."

TALK to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it thinks that nobody else will talk to thee.

RIPE OLD AGE.

In the June number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine is a table of the average age attained by men pursuing different occupations. Some of its facts are of such general interest that we glean them from it and present them in chronological order.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway Breakman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in that capacity.

At same age dies the Factory Workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages and unremitting toil.

Then comes the railway Baggageman who is smashed, on an average at 30.

Milliners and Dressmakers live but little longer. The average age of the one is 32, and the other 33.

The Engineer, the Fireman, the Conductor, the Powder Maker, the Well Digger, and the Factory Operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35.

The Cutler, the Dyer, the Leather Dresser, the Apothecary, the Confectioner, the Cigar Maker, the Printer, the Silversmith, the Painter, the Shoe Cutter, the Engraver, and the Machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, none of them reach the average age of 40.

The Musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. The Editor knocks himself into *pi* at the same age.

Then come trades that are active or in a purer air. The Baker lives to the average age of 43, the Butcher to 49, the Brickmaker to 47, the Carpenter to 40, the Furnace Man to 42, the Mason to 48, the Stone Cutter to 43, the Tanner to 49, the Tinsmith to 41, the Weaver to 41, the Drover to 49, the Cook to 45, the Inn keeper to 46, the Laborer to 44, the Domestic Servant (female) to 43.—The Tailor lives to 43, the Tailoress to 41.

Why should the Barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water?

Those who average over a half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and are not troubled with weighty cares. The Blacksmith hammers till 51, the Cooper till 59, the Builder to 52, the Shipwright till 56, and the Wheelwright till 50. The Miller lives to be whitened with age as well as flour, at 61. The Rope Maker lengthens the threads of life to 54. Merchants average 52.

Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kilis clients sometimes, but seldom Lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. Clergymen, who, it is to be presumed, enjoy a greater mental serenity than others, last till 56.

Seafaring life and its adjuncts, seem, instead of dangerous, to be actually conducive to longevity. We have already seen that the Shipwright lives till 56.—The Sailor averages 45, the Caulker 64, the Sail Maker 52, the Stevedore 57, the Ferryman 65, and the Pilot 64.

A dispensation of Providence that "Main Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that Brewers and Distillers live to the ripe age of 64.

Last and longest lived come *Paupers*, 67, and "*Gentlemen*" 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves, and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest. Why should they wear out, when they are always idle?

THE APPRENTICE.

A young man whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business. His father consented on condition that the son should board at home and pay weekly for his board, out of the avails of his special perquisites during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard: but when he was of age and master of his trade, his father said,—"Here, my son, is the money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your use, and with it, I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business.

The wisdom of the old man was apparent to the son, for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless and in vice, he was enabled to commence his business respectably; and he now stands at the head of publishers in this country while many of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

THE man who "broke his faith," said it hurt badly.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE

The Manchester *Mirror* publishes the following:

In the fall of 1847 a young man came to this city from a northern county, in quest of employment in the mill. After weeks of unsuccessful efforts, he became reduced to the pitable, alternative of disposing of his best clothes in order to obtain means to liquidate his bills and seek employment elsewhere. After consulting about disposing of his clothes at auction, he returned to his boarding house to pick up the same, when the lady of the house handed him a letter, directed in a female hand, which she informed him had been left by a boy, which on being opened was found to contain $20 in bank bills, with a note of hand for the same amount, accompanied with the following explanation:

"Mr.——: Knowing your pressing wants, and having the means at my disposal, I send you $20 with which you will please immediately settle your board bill, and call at the card room in—Mill, on—Corporation, when by applying to the overseer, whom I have seen, you will be able, by giving your name, to obtain a situation as card stripper. The work may not be desirable, but persevere, and in time it will lead to something better. In return for money, you will please sign the accompanying note, which you will enclose in an envelope, without direction, and with a penny for postage, request the postmaster to place it in box No—.

A STRANGER."

The note was drawn to *bearer*.

Though greatly surprised at such a timely favor from the hand of an entire stranger, he gladly availed himself of it, and impelled, as by an irresistible power, he obeyed all the directions to the very letter. On application to the designated room he found that the situation had been secured for him, through the earnest solicitation of a young lady, who was equally a stanger to the overseer, yet whose pleadings he could not resist.

The whole transaction was so unusual that after our hero, by assiduous devotion to his work, had secured the confidence of his overseer, he related to him the whole affair, and solicited his aid in endeavoring to obtain the name and whereabouts of his benefactress. He entered willingly into the plans; yet two years had passed and the mystery remained unsolved. In the meantime the stripper had been promoted to grinder, and had laid by of his earnings the $20, with interest, in the Savings Bank, so as to be prepared to settle so just a claim at any moment.

In his first endeavors to unravel the mystery, he applied to the post office, but found, on inquiry, that the box in which the note, was placed, was not used by anybody, permantly, at the time of the occurrence. Every succeeding attempt in other directions proved equally abortive, until at last he ceased all efforts, and resolved to wait for coming events to unfold, or coming time to reveal the mystery.

Our hero, after a residence of over four years in this city, had formed some very valuable acquaintances, and it is not at all strange, that notwithstanding his obligations *to one* he had formed a very intimate acquaintance with *another* of the fair sex. True, his moral sense rebeled, at first, against yielding up his affection to *one* while being so strongly under gratitude to *another*; but gratitude *unknown* was compelled to surrender at last, to the captivating image of the *known*. He made explanation, however, for his ingratitude by frankly confessing to his beloved, what another of her fair sex had done for him without solicitation, in the hour of his deepest necessity.

She laughed right out at such an unmaidenly act; declared it proceeded from impulse, not regard, of which it was evident the actor felt ashamed, and hence her studied silence. And she took occasion, to console him with the suggestion, that by the deposite he had made, of the amount received, he had fully absolved himself from all further obligation. His lady-love being both law and gospel, he acknowledged the truthfulness of her suggestion, and resigned his affections, without reserve, into her keeping.

As one of the most natural things under the sun, they concluded, at last, to get married. The day was set—but the day preceeding which, he received a note through the post office in a letter, which contained the following:—

Mr.——, *Sir*:—By calling this evening at No.——street, and paying the note, with interest which I hold against you, you will save expense.

A STRANGER.

He called as directed, being extremely anxious to settle a demand which, from the very mystery which surrounded it, made him at times, feel unhappy. He was received at the door by a domestic, who conducted him to the parlor, when, to his surprise, he discovered in waiting, note in hand, his own dearly beloved—the one he was next day to call by the endearing name of *wife*.

Explanation followed, which may be left to the imagination of our readers. Suffice it to say they were married at the time set—and to-day the gentleman stands conspicuous as one of the most industrious and respectable of our manufacturing population; and his amiable wife has occasion to rejoice constantly, that in the Fall of 1847 she had *twenty dollars to spare*.

BROADWAY—ITS CROWD OF BEAUTY.

Broadway is a fine street, or rather, will be when finished. We New Yorkers brag of Broadway. In the season or seasons—fall, spring, early summer—it is a vast museum of human life, and the last fashions. Men, women, horses, carriages, omnibuses, dust, dirt, noise—a little of everything, and a great deal of altogether. You can sun yourself there as cosily as a cat in an old-fashioned out-of-the-way shop-window. Walk slow or walk fast; be urged by business or desire, or be urged by nothing, and saunter on—on—morning or afternoon.—Look in the shop windows, or at the pretty women—and, by-the-way, there is such a horrible crowd of pretty women, beautiful women—well dressed, very lovely creatures, that you cease to look at any individual, or be struck by any particular face, as you would be in other places. It seems as if beauty had become an epidemic, and the last test work of mother nature had caught it generally, and that nothing but beauty existed in the world—of—Broadway. There sweep past you the grenadier guards of beauty, mature in training, and resolute in attraction, coming in columns of companies; tall, imposing, majestic, self-reliant; the acknowledged conquerors, in numerous watering-place campaigns; irreproachable in dress, and filing past you with the advanced step and lofty bearing of "regulars" in the army of fashion, and veterans in the triumphs of beauty; all these will continue to sweep past you if you remain long in Broadway; one intoxicating stream of beauty, flashing and sparkling in the clear spring sunlight, scarce less bewildering in their beauty than Titania's court at revel.

"Emerald rings on brown earthy tracing
To aerial minstrelsy."

We beg our friends abroad, when they read this, not to imagine, for an instant, that we have exceeded the plain unvarnished truth. We mean every word of it, and every word of it is plain simple fact and verity. The facts are patent to all eyes; Broadway of a sunshiny day is the kingdom of beautiful women, mighty in numbers as an army going forth to battle and to conquest. "The Ladies—God bless them."—*A. S. Leader.*

HOME POLITENESS.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you." Why not practice it at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does some little act of courtesy, how sweet the acknowledgement. If your husband—oh! it's a matter of course! No need of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, it is chastised.

Ah! these are little things say you! They tell mightily on the heart, let us assure you, as little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right"—cold supper—cold room—crying children—"perfectly comfortable."

Goes home, his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order—there never was such cross children before." No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "you are very kind." Doubly, yes thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles makes the eyes sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

Again we say unto all—be polite.—*Ohio Observer.*

SCANDAL is the reputation of the wicked.

[From the Buffalo Democracy.]

DISCOVERY OF A NEW PEOPLE ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

A discovery which, even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, must strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the sloop-of-war Decatur. It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan, and was towed into the Pacific by the Massachusetts. The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 1st inst. publishes a letter received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, "off the Straits of Magellan, Feb. 15th," and which contains some statements so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says:

"There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and, accompanied by my class-mate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty, we scrambled up the mountain-sides which line the south-east shore of these Straits, and, after ascending 3,500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields, the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and, thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise. The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear, nor any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and, being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all range from 6 feet to 6½, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet-black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion and remained two weeks with this strange people

"The teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditons from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries.

"They said this island was once attached to the main land; that, about 1900 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that, on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which, according to their description, as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,208 feet square, and over 11,000 feet high, built of the purest pantile marble.

"The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close; only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Chincha Islands, with guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of printing on porcelain, said to be over 3,00 years old, and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

"They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grew feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and are what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnosophists."—They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanuhau, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south-western point of the island.

"This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruit and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of nature, which they voluntarily undergo as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies, and firmly believing that the soul at death is released from its prison, launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph."

TRUSTING TO PROVIDENCE.

John Phœnix, of the California *Pioneer*, is a T. C. He gets up some of the best things of the day. Here is ONE of his last efforts:

"Down in the old plantation," write, an esteemed friend, "a planter and his favorite slave, Zip, stood upon the piazza of the Mansion House, gazing at the weather. A furious storm of rain was raging, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

'Massa,' said Zip, 'hadn't I better go and drive in the cattle?'

'Oh no, they'll do well enough; the storm will soon be over, and a little rain won't hurt them any way.'

'But, Massa, dose fine horses under the trees; too bad to leab them out in the rain. I go dribe them in.'

'You need not trouble yourself, Zip; they are all right; we'll trust them to Providence. But you'd better come out of the rain yourself.'

So saying, his master turned and went into the house. Zip, protesting against such a trustee, and extremely anxious for the fate of the horses, followed his example; but as soon as the storm was over, he took a stroll around the farm to estimate the extent of the damages; and there, directly under the trees where they had been standing, he found both the horses dead. They had been struck by lightning. Half in triumph, and half in dole, he ran to the house and exclaimed—

'Dare, Massa, what I tell you?'

'What's the matter, Zip?'

'Didn't I tell you so?'

'Yes; but what's the matter?'

'Dare's both the horses dead as stones—struck by lightnin'; *you* trust to Providence! You'd better a trusted old Zip!'"

THE prettiest lining for a bonnet is a good humored face.

AMERICAN HURRY.

We spoil evrything by hurry, whether it be the dinner that we devour without quiet digestion, or the land that we exhaust by impatient tillage, or the health and strength that we waste in our haste to be rich, or in the mind and heart that we fret and fever away by the constant round of excitement. In the opinion of some medical men, we are waring ourselves out as a nation, by our hurry and intensity—too eager to get a living, to be willing to stop to live. The statistics of insanity, show an alarming increase of that fearful scourge, and ten thousand pale and anxious faces, are writing their sad commentary upon our temper and habits. I am not fond of croaking, and believe on principle, in the power of a cheerful heart. Precisely because of this power, I insist upon the need of a more tranquil faith, and more peaceful and steadfast method. We may all rejoice in the prosperity of our country—in the vastness of our domain—in the numbers and intelligence of our people, and nevertheless remember that we are but human, and are exposed to all the perils that have been the wreck of nations in the old world. Whether for a nation, or for an individual soul, true progress is to be measured by the character formed, not by the distance traveled.—*Osgood's Milestones.*

LOVE is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her, whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet. It is undoubtedly a scandalous observation, but a modern pilosopher *has* remarked, and we give the aphorism for what it is worth, that "Love is so essential to the very life of woman, that in celebicy she is unhappy without a lover, and after marriage, if she is so unfortunate as not to love her own husband, she is pretty certain to love—somebody else's"

IT is not genius that makes people rich, but energy. Barnum made more money in a single season than Shakspeare achieved during his whole life time.

HE who thinks no man above him for his virtue, nor any below him for their vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place.